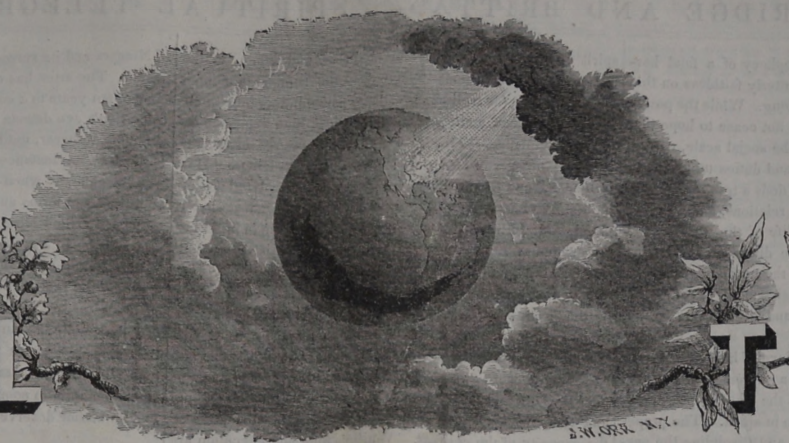


SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION



# SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS, NO. 300 BROADWAY—TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE; SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS.

VOL. II.—NO. 22.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1853.

WHOLE NO., 74.

## The Principles of Nature.

### INDIVIDUAL SOVEREIGNTY.

BY W. S. COURTNEY.

Man is created with certain attributes, faculties, and powers, the free growth and exercise of which are inalienable prerogatives of his nature. To the end that he should be perfect and completely happy in his sphere, all his endowments were intended to be fully developed and freely exercised. He has no native instinct, faculty, or passion which is not the gift of God, and divine. He has no useless or hurtful endowments. His eating and drinking, his passionate attractions and loves, his tastes and his intelligent powers, are all of Divine institution, and sacred above every earthly-begotten code or creed. They are the revelation of the will of God to man, infallibly expressed. The suppression or misdirection of these attributes, faculties, and powers deforms and perverts them, and gives us a false rendering of this revelation. Man has no innate tendencies to evil, but to good. Evil is his abnormal state, and represents him in an inverted order. The aggression upon the inherent sovereignty of these attributes and powers is what throws him into this order. I have shown, in a previous paper, that it is *hurt to others*—that it is *aggression*, that is the essence of all wrong-doing and crime. Man was intended to be a "law unto himself"—to do just as he pleases—to follow his own instincts and reason and judgment in all matters pertaining to his *own happiness*. It is only when he exercises that sovereignty at the cost of others that he becomes an aggressor, and needs foreign law to coerce and restrain him. What, then, are the legitimate boundaries of a man's sovereignty? what the scientific limit of his freedom? I answer, Justice. A man has a right to do just as he pleases, provided he *hurts no one* against that one's consent. If he consents to be hurt, then he too is in the exercise of his sovereignty. A man has a right to the free and full exercise of all his instincts, passions, and faculties, provided he don't inveigle others, unwillingly, in the consequences of that exercise. If I understand language at all, this is alone what is meant by "Liberty," "The Right of Private Judgment," "Freedom of Conscience," "The Pursuit of Happiness," etc., which are only different ways of formalizing "The Sovereignty of the Individual exercised at his own cost." This is the fundamental idea of Protestantism and Democracy, and both make a merit of its profession. How consistent their practice is with this profession, let every one judge for himself. All "progress" in the arts, sciences, philosophies, and religions date from the practical operation of this formula—from the free outward birth and growth of the individual's genius, powers, and attractions; and all slavery, misdirection, tyranny, conflict, war, bigotry, and intolerance date from its practical nullification. To suppress or misdirect this outward birth and growth, by foreign aggression or restraint, is essentially conservative and despotic—is the suppression and adulteration of the "true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Here is the birth of wrong; here the inception of evil; here is the point where man is first attacked with abscess and leprosy; here is the remote origin of all intolerance and persecution; here is where the rack and the inquisition are begotten—where murders, and riots, and routs are conceived; here is where the sanguinary strife begins, which spreads over and desolates the fair fields and vineyards of the earth. The cure must be as fundamental as the disease. It must go to the point of attack, for all remedies that fall short of this are but quack nostrums, and idle and inefficient—such, for instance, as fines and imprisonment, jails and gibbets and penitentiaries. Few statesmen or jurists have gone so far back as to account for and explain the phenomena of crime, but contented themselves with self-complacently applying these inefficient nostrums and cataplasms—have contented themselves with sluffing off the morbid and gangrenous secretions of his diseased condition, without ever thinking of renovating and reinstating his constitution!

The right of every individual under the sun to his private judgment, to his life, and to his liberty, and to his pursuit of his happiness, so far as they do not interfere with the same in others, grows out of the interminable varieties of human character—grows out of the great law of individualism. Each individual has his own peculiar combination of faculties, his peculiar tastes, his peculiar passionate endowments, associations, propensities, and uses; and differs from all others in every line and trace of his individuality. The peculiarities of countenances, and expressions, vices, etc., are but outward general types of wider and distincter differences in their mental, passionate, and spiritual constitutions. There is no standard by which to regulate and determine them. Each is his own standard—his own law, and to bring him under any other, or to regulate and adjudicate that standard for him, is manifestly an aggression and a monopoly, and strikes directly at his life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness. It is this aggression and monopoly—this practical denial of the formula of freedom—that introduced woe into the world. Only by pre-

serving this individuality, and allowing it liberty, or full and free expression, limited only by the law of equity in every relation of life, can peace and harmony be attained. But, mark now, harmony is not unity—not combination, nor association—but *cooperation*, or what Brother Tiffany calls "*commensurability*." Unity implies the merger and loss of separate individualities in one; combination implies a bond, or outward coercive restraint; and association implies the interpenetration and commingling of distinct elements. But cooperation implies the preservation of individualities, and their full and free, yet simultaneous accord and expression. Witness the octave. Each note is distinct and has its full expression, and is independent of all the others—stands on its own merits, in its own sovereignty, and yet it cooperates with all the others in producing the harmony. The vibrations thrown off by the several notes do not commingle, but are propagated parallelly to any conceivable distance, and go abreast, as it were, like a phalanx—each note living out its life of equity with its fellows. If there be a note so strong as to throw its vibrations across the others, so as to violate the equity of its relations toward them, it is an *aggressor*, and introduces discord.

Now, I want my liberty. I want to be free to think and do as I please. I want to pursue my own happiness according to my private judgment, observing equity, however, in all my relations toward and conventions with my fellow-men. I have no disposition to aggress or monopolize. I do not desire to cast the burdensome consequences of my liberty on others against their consent. I wish them not to become inveigled, unwillingly, with me in the results of the exercise of my freedom; nor will I take advantage of their ignorance or mental imbecility to thus impose upon them. Such would not be liberty, but slavery, and I would be the despot, the aggressor, and the monopolizer. That liberty which I ask for myself, I freely accord to all others. I ask no one to become responsible with me for my actions, my thoughts, and my doings; nor do I want any other responsibility thrown upon me against my consent. Observing the law of equity, I demand my physical freedom—the right to all the means of life, and that they shall not be made the specific or exclusive property of any. I demand the full and free exercise of all my intellectual powers, the right of free inquiry, the formation of my opinions, and the candid expression of them without reproach, ridicule, or abuse—without the *odium theologicum*, the rack, or the thumb-screw. I demand the freedom of my tastes and attractions—the full gush of my native impulses and sentiments. I demand passionate freedom, and the full enjoyment of all my loves and spontaneous sympathies. I demand the free exercise of all my devotional tendencies, my religious aspirations, and spiritual exaltations. And I accord all these to every human being under the stars—to the Jew, the Gentile, the Quaker, the Shaker, the Mormon, the Puritan, the Spiritualist, etc., so long as they accord them to me. If this liberty is aggressed, like the worm when it is trod upon, I instinctively turn upon the aggressor and declare war against him. If he is able to suppress this liberty in me, I am prompted to seek, by all covert ways and means, to evade and defeat the tyranny, by guile, deceit, treachery, open denunciation, etc. If the laws and customs under which I live dominate this liberty by restraints, penalties, public opinion, inequitable relations, proscriptive creeds, etc., they distort my growth, misdirect my faculties, poison my affections, vitiate my tastes, and deform my manhood. How plain, therefore, that justice is liberty's law, and that there can be no peace and harmony on earth, no "good-will to man," until all aggression upon the individual's sovereignty ceases forever! This liberty ever throbs in the bosom of man, and no tyranny can raze it from his heart. It breaks out in "reform" on every available occasion, and will never cease its war of extermination until all opposing obstacles are swept away. Each individual, in virtue of his being an individual, possesses it evermore, and can not, if he would, divest himself of it. It is gone by no proscription, barred by no statute, confiscated by no edict, surrendered by no acquiescence, nor ceded away by any compact. It is perfectly competent for him to assert it at any time, and avouch himself free. He is asserting it all the time, and daily fighting its enemies.

All combinations, societies, churches, sects, associations, phalanxes, etc., which swamp this individuality, and constrain the freedom of its expression, can not long subsist. They violate the indwelling sovereignty of the individual, and demand a surrender of his private judgment, and thus carry the very elements of dissolution in their vitals. This liberty incessantly rebels against their restraints, dissolves their bonds, and they accordingly disintegrate and disintegrate until they are no more, and the individual is free. *This is a most potent fact.* It is the secret cause of the death of so many beautifully elaborated systems of social life, so many captivating utopias, and economies of social order. Here is where Fourier blundered, and where Plato blundered before him, and where all writers blunder who do not recognize and respect the element of harmony and durability in the individual sovereignty.

This consideration of the individuality of human character, and its consequent sovereignty, fills me with the kindest tol-

eration toward all men, and all manner of opinions, beliefs, creeds, etc., so far as they do not aggress my liberty. I know that there is no other man in heaven or on earth just like me; no one with precisely the same combination of faculties, with precisely the same tastes and attractions, with precisely the same associations, memory, perception, and reflection. No man sees precisely as I do, feels precisely as I do, nor thinks, nor does precisely as I do. Such an identity or individuality as W. S. Courtney is found no where else in the universe, nor ever was, nor ever will be. I shall never lose my identity in another, nor will you; but each of us will preserve our individualities immortally, and ever become more and more individualized. Hence the sovereignty that attaches to us, in virtue of this individuality, is an immortal sovereignty; and justice, the law of its limitation, is an immortal law. How idle, therefore, to expect or require other men to be governed by our standard—to require them to stultify themselves, and yield their private judgment to our speculative opinions! They can not even look at facts in the same light we do, nor reason upon them in the same way, nor judge, nor conclude as we do.

But when we make inquisition for this individual sovereignty in the "practical details" of the prevailing social order, we find it infringed in every walk of life. We meet the aggressor and the despot at every corner, and see the inborn harmony of endless individualities thrown, by aggressions and monopolies, into discord, antagonism, and confusion! This notable fact has led some writers to affirm war to be the natural state of mankind! We will now point out a few of those aggressions, which are never suspected by the aggressors themselves to be such, and quit writing for the present.

The true formula of liberty and justice, when reduced and applied to productive industry and exchange of products, stands thus—"Cost is the limit of price." If I labor a week to procure the material and make you a hat, and you labor a week to procure the material and make me a pair of boots, and we exchange equally, neither of us aggress the other. But if I labor only three days on the hat, and you six on the boots, and we exchange equally, I aggress you to the extent of three days—that is, I make you labor for me three days for nothing—make you my slave for three days, and rob you of your "pursuit of happiness" to that extent! Equity requires that I should make up the difference to you in three days' more labor, or its equivalent in something else. By observing this rule, each man, no matter what his pursuit, gets all the fruits of his own labor, not only in his specific productions, but in any thing else he wants, by an equitable exchange. Wealth then remains with the producers of it, and would so remain, in every department of industry and art, were this formula observed, and the equity of men's relations preserved. Each would then get and keep his own, and there would be no spoliation—no foray upon his industry and skill.

But place this formula alongside of the one now in vogue, viz., "The price of a thing is what it will bring in market," and you will see where and how the aggression begins. I have a barrel of flour which cost me, adding on my labor upon it, all told, three dollars, and is worth in the market five, and I sell it to you for that sum. I manifestly aggress you to the extent of two dollars. I take from you your two dollars without an equivalent. This is my "profit," and I go on selling you, and the rest of you, flour for whatever I can get for it beyond its cost to me, until I accumulate "capital," with which I buy up all the flour and hoard it, until your necessities compel you to pay me three times its cost; or I go where I can buy it cheap, and carry it where I can sell it dear; or I am sharper, and can calculate better than you, and wait or watch the fluctuations of the markets, take advantage of them, and, by a thousand other maneuvers and "tricks of trade," I manage to get for my flour ten times what it cost me—that is, I manage, under this formula, to plunder you and the rest of you of ten times the equivalent of its cost to me! But the flour passes through various hands, is turned over and over again, before it gets to the man who eats it. First, there is the land monopolist, who "shaves" the grower of the wheat in the shape of rent; then there is the grower, who puts that shave together with his own "profit" on the manufacturer, who puts both shaves with his own on the merchant, who also must pay the "profits" of the carrier, in order that he may get his "dividend," and, lastly, the merchant, who puts all these shaves with his own on the consumer, who is effectually consumed by their repeated and accumulated inequities! Now it is evident that some one or more of these spoliators must "break." If each, looking to the next man to him, can "stand the fall," and throw it on to him, the break comes down on to the consumers, nine tenths of whom are "broke" all the time! The commodity that is passed around is not the *subject* of the spoliation, but the mere *pretext* for it! This is the secret of all "speculation," of all "profit-making," amassing of "fortunes," etc., and develops the sharper and the blackleg!

Now, apply this to all trade and traffic, to all productive industry, manufacturing, and carrying, and you have the result in overgrown fortunes, squalid wretchedness, and poverty, costly mansions and filthy hovels—in swindling, lying, cheat-

ing, fraud, over-reaching, forgery, perjury, and theft! If we look to "cost as the limit of price," we pass not beyond the sphere of our individuality and sovereignty; but if we look to what we can get for the article in market, regardless of cost to us, our eye is upon the "liberty" of the purchaser, and we meditate and perpetrate an aggression upon it. How much the article is worth to me—how much I am benefited by it, is no business of yours; the cost of it to you, adding in your time and labor, is all you are concerned about; and when you get the cost of your production in an equivalent exchange, you are fully paid, and not over-paid. The article may be worth to me ten times the price I pay you for it, but with that you have nothing to do. If, for instance, you have a barrel of flour which you don't need, and which cost you (adding in your own labor and time, which is *part of the cost*) but three dollars, and I and my family are starving, and it is worth forty or four hundred dollars to me, and you take advantage of my necessities to exact that amount from me, you are an unconscionable and outrageous spoliator and despot! Yet you do nothing more than is done daily and hourly in our markets and marts of trade, shops, stores, and professions! The difference here is only in degree, being put in a little stronger light. If I am a physician, and invent or discover a pill that infallibly cures fever and ague, and each pill, adding in my time, the material, the cost of manufacture, etc., costs me, all told, one quarter of a cent, and with it I cure a man "nigh unto death" with the fever and ague, and I charge him what it is worth to him, say, at a moderate estimate, five hundred dollars, I am an aggressor and tyrant; and yet I do nothing but what is done every day on the same principle. Again, suppose I am a lawyer of good legal discipline and mind, extensive reputation and practice, and a client comes to me with a—to him—doubtful claim of \$1,500 against his neighbor (a claim, too, no doubt, made up of repeated forays upon that neighbor), and, by professional service and advice, which cost me about one hour's labor, I recover it for him, and charge him the one third of it for my fee, do I not aggress and plunder him, say to the extent of \$495? And yet I do what every lawyer in the State does when he gets a chance! On looking around, you will find this principle practiced upon in every pursuit, vocation, trade, etc., in life. You will find every man on the "look out" thus to aggress and plunder his neighbor—"seeking whom he may devour." Each man, striving to escape from bearing his share of the burdens of life, and to cast them upon others. They thus come into a state of war with each other, and, by all subtle arts, maneuvers, and exploits, overreach, outgeneral, and defeat each other! How can you expect men to grow straight, be honest and upright, under such aggressions and monopolies?

But I am told that "this formula of yours, 'cost the limit of price,' takes away all our 'profits'—we can not 'make any thing' by it; we can get nothing but what we produce, or its equivalent." And, in Heaven's name, what more are you entitled to? Do you want not only what you yourself produced, but some of mine too—"free gratis for nothing!" That is, you want me to bear part of the burdens of your life for you—to labor harder and longer to spread your table, support your equipage and state, and enable you to live in indolence and idleness! Poor fellow! No, no; bear your own burdens—eat your own bread in the sweat of your own brow. I have enough to do to pursue my own happiness. . . . Upon raising my pen and thinking a moment, I find innumerable instances of this life of inequity and spoliation crowding upon me for utterance. I see it in almost every action and thought of those around. I see almost every man, woman, and child seeking exemption from the burdens of life, and pursuing their happiness at the expense of others, so far as their wits, their positions, circumstances, etc., will allow them. It needs but a hint to direct the mind of the reader to them. Any who wish further to read the practical operation of this system of spoliation, will find it admirably put forth by Stephen Pearl Andrews, in his "Science of Society," a book which every reformer, who looks for a reign of equity yet to come on earth, should attentively read.

Aggression and monopoly in the sphere of the passions and love attractions, by law, by creed, and by custom, are no less high-handed and despotic, originating domestic infelicities and broils, love intrigues, illicit commerce, and all manner of impurity, debauchery, irregularity, and excess! But these restraints, aggressions, and monopolies are so puritanic, pietistic, and pharisaic, that to assail them, or even mention them, brings down the clergy, the police, and the "devil" on your back.

Now I have repeatedly declared, in former papers, that man has no native instinct, faculty, or passion that is not divine—the gift of God, and enstamped upon his being; and that to suppress or misdirect their spontaneous development, and free and full exercise, limited only by the law of justice, is to introduce wretchedness and woe into the world. We see in the vegetable kingdom the exact exemplification of this integral growth and deformity. The tree grows according to the laws of its being, enstamped upon it by the Creator. In good conditions and true relations; in good soil, open to a genial atmosphere, and sunshine, and light, and heat, it expands its

self, unfolds its buds into leaves and flowers, and ripens its fruit to use and beauty. But if the laws of its being be infringed, and its free and normal growth be suppressed or misdirected, it grows crooked and dwarfed, and its blossoms are sickly, and its fruit bitter and brackish. But here is a better illustration. We saw a patch of grain in a sweet and salubrious soil, open to the sunshine and heat. There is no evil in the grain or germ; it is pure and good; we cultivate it according to the laws of its nature, and it accordingly grows to its full dimensions and straight, and "bears fruit abundantly." But if, while it is growing, we stretch over it, say about two feet from the ground, a sheet-iron canopy, when the stalks reach it, they become crooked, twisted, bent downward, gnarled, interwoven, knotted and broken, pale and sickly, and yield little or no fruit. If there be a hole here and there in the canopy, to let down the sunshine, showers, and heat and light, some fortunate stalks will rush through them, and expand their blossoms and fruit to maturity. Precisely so is it with man. If the free and normal development and exercise of all his faculties and capabilities are thus suppressed and misdirected by unnatural restraints and aggressions, he grows crooked, dwarfed, distorted—becomes gnarled, knotted, and interwoven with his fellows, and bears only the fruits of vice and crime.

The sovereignty of the individual—his physical, intellectual, passionate, and spiritual freedom—limited only by the laws of justice—is the only salvation for this world. We want no other State; no other Constitution or Declaration of Independence; we want no other Church, no other creed nor catechism, to bring us all into harmony and install the reign of equity. Through no other order, and by no other instrumentality, can the vision of perpetual peace be realized on earth.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 28th, 1853.

### SPIRIT-COMMUNION.

The *Journal of Commerce*, whose editor is a churchman, though he abhors "Spiritualism" as a reality, has occasionally a correspondent of more liberal and enlarged views, and sympathies than find expression in its editorial columns. The following, which we quote from a late number of the *Journal*, is a specimen in point:

"Many there are, at the present day, who imagine that we have multitudes of spectators on all our actions, even when we think ourselves most alone. To some, this is a source of constant dread and terror; while to others, it affords a sweet felicity. Addison used to say, that he was apt to join in the opinion with those who hold this belief; but, instead of terrifying himself with such a notion, he felt wonderfully pleased to think that he was always engaged with such an innumerable society in searching out the wonders of creation, and joining in the same concert of praise and adoration. Milton has finely described this mixed communion of men and spirits in Paradise, in the following lines from the fourth book of *Paradise Lost*:

"Nor think, though men were none,  
That heav'n would want spectators, God want praise.  
MILLIONS OF SPIRITUAL CREATURES WALK THE EARTH  
UNSEEN, BOTH WHEN WE WAKE AND WHEN WE SLEEP:  
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold  
Both day and night. How often from the steep  
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard  
Celestial voices to the midnight air,  
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,  
Singing their great Creator! Oft in bands,  
While they keep watch, or nightly roundly walk,  
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds,  
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs  
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven."

The ancients believed that each person had a guardian spirit who watched over him through life, even as they believed in the metempsychosis of the soul—the transmigration of the spirit from one body to another at death. Their whole theology was but a system of spirits. Their Jupiter, their Pluto, Mars, Venus, and, in truth, all their gods, and demigods, both small and great, were so many invisible spirits. Mohammed, too, taught his followers the existence of such intelligences; and the Great Spirit of the Indian,

— "whose untutored mind

Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind."

is only another manifestation of the same belief. Many of the aborigines of our own country believed in the apparitions of the departed spirits at night, in solitary places among the trees of the forests; and sometimes they were believed to mingle with the living. The ancient Carib Indians, although they believed in one Supreme Being, inhabiting the sky, who was immortal, omnipotent, and invisible, never directed their worship directly to him, but employed inferior deities, called Zemes, as messengers and mediators. Each family and each individual had a particular Zemi, or protecting genius, like the Lares and Penates of the ancients. They believed that these Zemes presided over every object in nature, each having a particular charge or government. They influenced the seasons, and the elements, causing sterile or abundant years; exciting hurricanes, and whirlwinds, and tempests of rain and thunder, or sending sweet and temperate breezes and fruitful showers. They governed the seas and the forests, the springs and fountains, like the Nereids, the Dryads, and Satyrs of antiquity."



## SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1853.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A SPIRIT'S EULOGY" comes to us without the author's name. We have repeatedly stated that we can not publish anonymous communications. We do not make it a condition that the name shall be given to the public, unless it becomes necessary, but every writer must have sufficient confidence in our sense of honor to trust his name in our hands, or he can not expect us to give publicity to what he may write. How can any one expect an editor to become responsible for him when he will not indorse himself?

"ANSWERS TO OLD TESTAMENT INCONSISTENCIES," we shall be obliged to wish hold but several weeks. We have several long articles which come first in order.

"Persons who send communications intended for the press should, if they desire to preserve them, invariably retain a copy, so as to preclude the necessity for our returning them in case they are not published. Among the mass of rejected papers they are extremely liable to be lost, and we can not be responsible for the safe keeping of communications which, in our judgment, are of no value."

## THE GOSPEL OF HARMONY.

Philosophers in all ages have observed with astonishment the power of Music to subdue the baser passions, and to inspire the most devout as well as the most delightful emotions. In these respects Music is certainly unrivaled and alone as an agent of human refinement and elevation. No other power appeals so effectively to all men on every plane of life. The human affections are essentially the same among all nations, and a kind of universal language is therefore indispensable to their appropriate expression. Music is such a language, because it addresses itself alike to the sense, the intellect, and the soul, and in some degree is interpreted and understood by all men. The mere sensualist listens, and experiences a bewildering sense of pleasure, the most exalted, perhaps, of which his nature is susceptible; persons educated in the science of harmonics, and hence endowed with an intellectual appreciation of the best musical compositions, find a source of still higher enjoyment; while those who have the capacity to imbibe its essential spirit and to interpret its divine language, are filled with the most religious and rapturous joy. Thus the nature of the rudest barbarian is softened by its mysterious enchantment, for

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,"

while those who are deeply spiritualized find in the soul of harmony the very keys of Heaven.

The efficiency of music as a great tranquilizer and harmonist is everywhere acknowledged, and its power over the lowest natures has been demonstrated by many interesting illustrations. *Animals* exhibit signs of pleasure while listening to a succession of musical sounds. Individuals belonging to several of the inferior orders have been trained to move with remarkable precision to the time in music; the dog has been known to detect the slightest discord, and even the vilest reptiles are spell-bound by its marvelous power, as the feats of Indian jugglers and serpent-charmers sufficiently evidence. And in every condition of life, not excepting the most disordered and wretched, man, especially, yields himself to its potent and peaceful sway.

We have an example of the power of music

"To calm the passions and soothe the soul"

in the case of Elisha, who, being in an unpleasant frame of mind, on a certain occasion, sent for a minstrel to play in his presence. The music had the effect to compose the prophet's thoughts; a divine tranquility reigned within, while a Spirit breathed upon him, and he received the prophetic inspiration. It is also related that when Saul, king of Israel, was in a state of melancholy bordering on insanity, he sent for David, at the suggestion of his physicians, who recommended music as a remedy for his gloomy hallucination. The experiment proved successful. As the shepherd boy swept the chords of his lyre, the mysterious influence pervaded the lone depths of his saddened spirit,

"Untwisting all the chains that tie  
The hidden soul of harmony."

A martial strain has often nerved the hero to deeds of noblest daring, and a simple ballad has disarmed the most violent resentment. Even the raving maniac, in his wildest paroxysms, when iron chains are ineffectual restraints, has been quieted and rendered harmless as a little child by the gentle tones of woman's voice. Miss Dix, the philanthropist, once visited a madman whose extreme violence made it necessary—in the judgment of his keepers—to chain him to the floor. There was a sudden yet frantic expression in the maniac's eye, and his matted locks floated wildly over his terrible brow. As she entered his narrow apartment he made a desperate effort to break his manacles. Seating herself at a little distance, she commenced reading the Beatitudes, in a voice so low and musical as scarcely to break the silence of his cell. At length the paroxysm subsided, and the supposed victim of incurable madness exhibited an unusual composure. He listened and was silent. When he heard the voice no more, he wept, and as she rose to depart he strove to embrace her, and declared that she was an angel sent to comfort him.

"There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,  
And as the mind in pitch'd, the ear is pleased  
With melting airs or martial, gay or grave,  
Some chord in union with what we hear  
Is touched within us, and the heart replies."

The influence of Music is eminently religious, at least in a true sense, and that it has been so regarded appears from the large place it has occupied in the religious exercises of all civilized nations. It has never lost its power to make men happier and better. When Painting and Poetry have been used to excite the basest passions, to gild the surface of a false philosophy, or to throw an imaginary charm around a life of sensual indulgence, Music has remained measurably uncorrupted. When the pulpit has spoken coldly or falsely, Music has still preserved its power to warm the heart and purify the life. And is not the divine spirit and redeeming influence of Music manifest in those who have felt its power? Who ever knew a truly great musician to be a really bad man? A gross and disorderly life is too full of discords to please a mind so delicately organized, and so beautifully endowed. Acts of violence are moral discords. Such deeds shock the finer sensibilities, and it does not appear to us that either the perception or the love of moral harmony can be wanting in a mind thus gifted with the highest musical inspiration.

We never listen to good Music without feeling that we have been made happier and better. If the outward world does not appear more consonant to our best desires, the world within certainly is so, and it should be observed, that in this internal harmony our highest happiness chiefly consists. Is

not this love of concord a reliable prophecy of a final harmonic state of society? We are not utterly faithless on this point, though the world has prophesied long. While the power and the love of Music remain we shall not cease to hope that man will one day find the key-note in the social scale, whereby this life and its manifold relations and duties may be harmonized. All Music in which the soul finds a true expression, is a revelation of the love of harmonic relations, and a prayer that the same may be realized, in the life of the world. *The great musician is a true revelator.* He discloses the Divine Harmonies to the outward senses and the conscious souls of men. He worships according to the highest form of religion—HE ADORES THE SPIRIT OF HARMONY, and all his service is a musical orison.

The man who inspires us with the love of harmony, whose office it is to fill our whole being with a supreme sense of joy, is a worthy evangelist. He preaches the true gospel so eloquently that infidels listen and worship in spirit. The proper object of all true religion is to subdue and discipline the passions, to give the mind its rightful dominion over the sphere of external being, and to secure for the spirit constant communion with the sources of its inspiration. To accomplish this object, Mozart did far more than John Calvin. The inspiration of the latter, if he had any, was from beneath, and sadly wanting in the essential elements of harmony. It found expression in the pains and groans of those who suffered from his austerity and intolerance, and in the lamentations of lost spirits. But the nature of Mozart was adapted to receive divine impressions, and in his inspired moments he heard, as it appeared to him, the immortal creations of his genius distinctly rehearsed.

Every great master of the divine art of Music is a gospel preacher. I am sustained in this remark by the literal signification of the term. It is well known that the word *gospel* means *good news*, or that which inspires gladness, and fills our whole being with agreeable and divine emotions. How much of that gospel is dispensed from the more illiberal and sectarian pulpits of this city? Much less, we apprehend, than at the concerts of M. JULLIEN. Indeed, we hazard nothing in saying that the latter is a more efficient gospel minister than thousands who stately bore the ears of the people with the old system of homiletics. If the true religion be that which makes men happy—and the real heaven is to be found alone in harmony—Music must be integral in both.

Those who are disposed to entertain our general philosophy, may profitably consider the importance of Music as a means of practical reform and spiritual culture. We think it should form an indispensable part of our system of popular education. Whether our readers have or have not been favored with such opportunities, they will find JULLIEN'S CONCERTS a means of improving their taste, and a source of the most refined and intense pleasure.

## M. JULLIEN'S BENEFIT CONCERT.

We have already expressed our general estimate of the superb series of concerts presided over by M. Jullien, at Castle Garden. On Thursday evening last, we were present at the great *maestro's* benefit. We expected a treat somewhat special from the nature of the occasion—though it would seem difficult that any one of these concerts could be surpassed—but we must confess to a far greater and rarer enjoyment than we had anticipated. The scene presented by the audience was magnificent. Castle Garden is said to hold from 8,000 to 10,000 persons, and, improving every nook and corner, we should think it would have been impossible to have crowded in a thousand persons more than were present. Even as it was, very many were so pushed to the corners that they could see little or nothing of the orchestra. The immense balcony was so packed that every stairway was occupied as seats, and many gentlemen, and even ladies, were obliged to stand. The vast area of the promenade was equally densely filled. Hundreds of late applicants were refused tickets, as the managers (Messrs. Joy and Brough), and M. Jullien, desired their patrons to be as comfortable as possible. No musical audience (save perhaps that which greeted Jenny Lind's debut at Castle Garden), equally imposing in every respect, ever before assembled in this city.

The entrance of M. Jullien was the signal of tumultuous applause. The programme opened with the *overture* to "Oberon," excellently rendered by the orchestra of one hundred and two musicians. This was succeeded by a *quadrille* from M. Jullien's opera of "Peter the Great," and a splendid *creed* and *fugue* from the same opera, by the orchestra. Then came one of the rarities of the evening—a *solo* on the piccolo—of the diminutiveness of which instrument our musical readers are aware—by Jullien; his first performance in America, and his only performance in public for the last ten years. The piccolo is bird-like in tone, and Jullien's execution was a marvel for its brilliancy and facility. The notes seemed to warble and thrill by turns; now chattering like a legion of orioles, and now soaring, in sustained flight, like the sky-mountain lark. All that we could conceive possible for the instrument, was accomplished by M. Jullien, and the audience heartily insisted upon an *encore*.

Anna Zerr, whose name was next in the programme, for a "Hungarian National Song," was prevented, to our regret, by indisposition from appearing, and her place was supplied by a Mlle Behrend. Mlle Zerr's frequent indispositions may lead the public to suspect they are willful. We should be sorry to see her thus lose public favor, for we remember how nobly she persisted in singing for the benefit of Hungarian exiles, in London, though threatened with loss of her place in the Vienna Royal Opera Company. She must be chary of tempting the patience of her admirers.

The next thing in order, a *solo* on the ophecleide, by Hughes, was a splendid performance. The most pathetic, as well as sonorous tones, were uttered through the great instrument, and they fell upon our ears like some sublime, heroic psalm. The performance was *encored*. The first part of the programme closed with selections from Jullien's "Peter the Great" by the orchestra. In the midst of the jubilant voices of flutes, violins, and trumpets, were heard the clinkings of Peter's hammer, driving at ship-bolts, and admirably improving the mechanic career of Russia's greatest Czar.

The performance recommenced with the "American Quadrille" (selections from Rossini's *Stabat Mater* being passed over), a noble composition of M. Jullien's, embracing our national airs, and introducing twenty solo performers, and the most effective and popular piece yet produced. The sentiment of so martial a composition is necessarily less spiritual, and less powerful in its influence with persons of refined perceptions and delicate sensibilities, than many sacred and classic gems introduced at these concerts; but with the mass its effect is exhilarating and electric. It breathes with all the

spirit of freedom's battles and victories, and when, in the finale, the cannon seems to answer to the trumpet, announcing a country's (as well as an artist's) triumph, it is impossible that an American audience should be less than tempestuous in their applause. They were so on Thursday night, and when, in answer to an *encore*, the orchestra struck up "Hail Columbia," and the audience rose *en masse*, the coup d'oeil of thousands of upturned and excited faces was indescribably grand. M. Jullien has done us a national service in initiating the custom of rising to our national air. Such is the custom in all Europe, and will be, hereafter, with us.

The next performance was Bottesini's "Carnival of Venice," on the *double bass*; a performance, considering the difficulties in managing so huge an instrument, as exquisite as it was wonderful. Bottesini seemed to embrace and fondle his *viol* as though it were a living and loving child. He has no compeer in the world. A *clarinet solo* was the next notable thing, and those who have not heard Wulle have no conception of the capacity of the *clarinet*. Wulle's tone and execution are marvelous. The concert closed with the "Atlantic Galop," a fine composition by M. Jullien, performed by the orchestra; and we doubt if 8,000 persons ever left a concert room altogether more delighted. A novel feature of the evening was the presentation (during the intermission) of copies of the "American Quadrille," as published by Mr. Jollie, to the over a thousand ladies in the balcony.

Our apology, if any is needed, for the space we have given to this concert, lies in the fact that a love for high music can not be too much urged and induced. Music on earth—and in heaven, as we are taught and may well believe—is one of the joys of the soul—one of its most delightful, refining, and supreme joys. It is its loftiest and most beautiful language, whether it flow from the tongue of the orator, from the lips of those we love, or from the magic strings and brazen throats of the grand orchestra. It is a true spiritual agent for the subduing of the gross in man. Therefore, the music introduced by M. Jullien, and his career here altogether, warrant us in eulogizing his concerts, and in expressing the hope that he may long continue his refining triumphs among us. He has proved himself a master of his art, while his bounty to the suffering in a neighboring city has proved him a noble man. The tribute paid to him on Thursday night was but a just one. Our readers will be glad to learn that he has concluded to give another series of concerts, and that, owing to Castle Garden being engaged for the exhibition of the American Institute, he has opened his second series at Metropolitan Hall.

## MR. FRANKENSTEIN'S NIAGARA.

If there is one thing more than almost any other, in the visible universe, that we should have judged it impossible for art to adequately express on the painter's canvas, it is the Falls of Niagara and their surroundings. The subject is so grand, the scene so sublime and epic in all its characteristics, that human genius shrinks, silent and abashed, in its presence; feeling and acknowledging in its inmost soul that this is the voice of God, before which all meaner voices should be dumb. Nevertheless, art has thus expressed this wonder of nature; has seized upon all its vast proportions, and compelled the canvas to bear most faithful witness to the actual scene.

We do not ask the readers of the TELEGRAPH to take our word for this; we may be too enthusiastic; let them go, as we have done, and witness one unrolling of the Panorama of Niagara, painted by Mr. Godfrey N. Frankenstein, now exhibiting at Hope Chapel, and we venture to say their observation will indorse our judgment. If they have ever seen the real Falls, they will only the more agree with us. Mr. Frankenstein's work far surpasses our expectation. Paint, poetry, and prose have so universally failed to interpret the form and spirit of Niagara, that we doubted if the idea of such interpretation were not presumptuous as vain. This Panorama has taught us that art, directed by genius, may counterfeit nature in her loftiest moods.

Mr. Frankenstein has for ten years past been an almost constant resident at Niagara, engaged solely in studying and sketching all its varied aspects and phenomena. Over two hundred elaborate sketches are compounded in this Panorama. The Falls, from all points of view, in all seasons, and under all lights; the rapids, above and below; the islands and shores; the whirlpool; the thunderous river, rolling away to the Ontario; the foliage of spring, summer, and autumn, and the barren winter scene, with the ice-king sitting,

"Throned in awful majesty"—

all these are depicted with a vividness and power that startle and thrill the beholder. Nor is the Iris—that beautiful symbol of peace to earth—forgotten. It spans the roaring abyss of waters, and glows with a mystic and sepulchral light, a perfect circle, in the gloomy cavern behind the Falls.

We have looked upon the Niagara of nature; have been rapt and exalted under the influence of its spirit; have felt to utter some thought commensurate with its presence, and found our lips sealed by the overwhelming grandeur of the scene. Yet, though it denied us utterance, it impressed an image upon our soul which no memory can recall so vividly as did this Panorama. It seemed to us that we again stood "face to face" with the mighty cataract; the solemnly religious spirit that scene never fails to evoke, was again upon us; the ear, following old memories, and inspired by present vision, was again filled with continuous thunders; and but for an intermissive pause, or the final fall of the curtain, recalling us to a consciousness of time and place, we were rather a spectator at Niagara, than a fraction of a large audience gazing on Frankenstein's Panorama, at Hope Chapel. Such is the power of inspired art to abstract and transport us, mentally and spiritually, from the counterfeit to the original.

Mr. Frankenstein has achieved a very great triumph. He has embodied the "eighth wonder" of the world so near to the life, that imagination and memory supply all that is lacking—motion and sound. With these, the illusion is perfect. Embraced in the Panorama is the scene of the fearful catastrophe of last summer. This has been added since the Panorama was first opened to the public. Other scenes of peril and rescue are also given. We could linger at single points, and exhaust our space and power of eulogy. Only a view of the whole work, which occupies an hour and a half in unrolling, can convey a just impression of its character, and in no way can that space of time be turned to a more deeply interesting, inspiring, and exalting enjoyment. The accompanying descriptive discourse, by a brother of Mr. Frankenstein, adds greatly to the effect, even with those who are somewhat familiar with the scene in nature; while to those who have not seen it, it renders Niagara intelligible. It is difficult to say which are most interested, the initiated or the uninitiated. Our impression is that the Panorama gives to all a better idea

of Niagara and its surroundings than any ordinary visit to the scene. The artist has condensed the observation and experience of ten years to a comparative point of time. Besides, the true artist's eye detects much of the beautiful that escapes the common observer, until he beholds it transferred to canvas. How few, for instance, were ever so moved by the "Still-water" scene, as when viewing it in this Panorama! And so of a thousand forms and tints of foliage. How few of those who have visited Niagara have seen it in the glittering garb of winter! In Frankenstein's Niagara we have an epitome of the cataract at all times and in all seasons. In this respect it excels the real scene at any particular season or under any special aspect. We therefore can commend it to our readers and the public, as an intensely interesting transcript of the real Niagara, and we trust, for their own sakes, that all who read what we have said will visit Mr. Frankenstein's Panorama, which is to soon leave our city for Europe. The work and its author deserve this tribute from the public.

C. D. S.

## J. HOWARD PAYNE.

We find in one of our exchanges the following reminiscences respecting one whose memory we cherish:

The following is a sketch of one who has, by a single emanation of his genius, caused more hearts to thrill with pleasure than, perhaps, has ever been done by any single effort. How painful the fact, that "the author of 'Sweet Home' never had a home!" The sketch was written by a friend of Payne, from Washington.

As I sit in my garret, here in Washington, watching the course of great men and the destiny of party, I meet often with strange contradictions in this eventful life. The most remarkable was that of J. Howard Payne—author of "Sweet Home!" I knew him personally. He occupied the rooms under me for some time, and his conversation was so captivating that I have often spent whole days in his apartment. He was an applicant for office at that time—Consul at Tunis—from which he had been removed. What a sad sight it was to see the poor man subjected to the humiliation of office-seeking. Of evenings we would walk along the streets, looking into the lighted parlors as we passed. Once in a while we would see some family circle so happy, and forming so beautiful a group, that we would stop—and then pass silently on. On such occasions he would give a history of his wanderings—his trials, and all the cares incident to his sensitive nature and his poverty. "How often," said he once, "I have been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, London, or some other city, and heard persons singing, or on the hand-organ playing, 'Sweet Home,' without a shilling to buy the next meal, or a place to put my head. The world has literally sung my song until every heart is familiar with its melody. Yet I have been a wanderer from my boyhood. My country has turned me ruthlessly from office—and in my old age I have to submit to humiliation for bread." Thus he would complain of his hapless lot. His only wish was to die in a foreign land—to be buried by strangers, and in obscurity.

I met him one day looking unusually sad. "Have you got your consulate?" said I. "Yes, and I leave in a week for Tunis. I shall never return!"

The last expression was not a political faith. Far from it. Poor Payne! his wish was realized. He died at Tunis. Whether his remains have been brought to this country, I know not. They should be, and if none others will do it, let the homeless throughout the world give a penny for a monument to Payne. I knew him, and will give my penny, and, for an inscription, the following:

HERE LIES J. HOWARD PAYNE,

THE AUTHOR OF "SWEET HOME."

A wanderer in life—he, whose song was sung in every tongue, and found an echo in every heart,  
NEVER HAD A HOME!  
HE DIED IN A FOREIGN LAND!

It is a singular fact that very few persons in America knew that the author of "Home" was an American. If you ask nine persons out of ten, even among those who have any knowledge of musical history, they will tell you Sir Henry Bishop, or some such person, must have the credit. The truth is, this song was almost the only thing that Payne ever did that is entitled to remembrance. The author was a maker of melo-dramas and musical plays. "Home, Sweet Home!" was a song in one of them. Payne did not remain in the country to see the piece performed, and the first time he ever heard his own song sung was in the street of a great European city. Its pathetic appeal to a sentiment which exists in every human bosom, gives it an immediate echo over the whole world, which had not nor never will die away.

We also had a brief personal acquaintance with JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, and often had occasion to notice the exquisite delicacy of his sensibilities. In this respect his nature was truly feminine, and made up in beauty what it lacked in strength.

The untoward circumstances of life are often the means of inspiring our highest thoughts, and the noblest human efforts have birth in seasons of severest trial. Payne was, indeed,

"An exile from home."

and to this circumstance he is chiefly indebted for the place he occupies in the affections of mankind. He could only have enjoyed all that his spirit yearned for, at the sacrifice of the solemn inspiration and touching pathos of his beautiful song.

It is of little consequence where the mortal elements repose, since all that was immortal survives the physical ruin, and is free to choose its own abiding-place. But we should certainly like to see some suitable memorial to the memory of one whom we so love to acknowledge as the interpreter of one of the noblest sentiments. We do not, however, like the above inscription, for the reason that it asserts two things which are both false and disagreeable. It is not true that the departed sleeps beneath the sands of Tunis—that he will ever lie under any marble memorial—or that he had absolutely no home. We suggest that the following may, for the reasons indicated, be an improvement:

In memory of

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE,

THE AUTHOR OF "SWEET HOME."

He was a wanderer on earth, and left the chains of his mortality in a foreign land, that his spirit might  
GO HOME!

## GONE TO THE SPIRIT-HOME.

On the 12th ultimo, CLARA L., beloved companion of Mr. William H. Hoy, left her mortal habitation, at Newtown, Conn., aged 19 years.

About thirteen months since the Editor of this paper was called to officiate at the marriage of the parties named above. It seems but yesterday, and yet to-day, to the eye of sense, which is the eye of the world, they are separated. But it is our happiness to believe that there may be no such separation. What we call death can not dissolve our soul-relations, and when the civil institution is the outward expression of an internal law, or spiritual attraction, the union may remain uninterrupted forever.

CLARA was gentle in her disposition and innocent in her life. She desired to remain in the body, but did not fear to depart, and when the parting hour came it was serene and peaceful. Her spirit was called while yet the taster of youthful emotion shone from her fair cheek, and her eye was not dimmed by care or sorrow. Her memory is sweet and precious as the perfume of flowers.

ART AND INVENTION.—Arrangements for a great mechanical exhibition at Faneuil and Quincy Halls, Boston, are rapidly progressing, and the display of American genius and enterprise will surpass any of the previous exhibitions in that city, if not in this country.

LATEST foreign news represents the Russo-Turkish question as settled. Turkey has essentially yielded all the points in dispute. There is prospect of a short harvest, and fears are expressed of famine in some parts of Europe.

## Correspondence of the Telegraph.

## FACTS AND MESSAGES.

BROTHERS PARTRIDGE &amp; BRITTAN:

I desire, in behalf of the Spiritual cause and for the benefit of humanity, to narrate through your columns some incidents in the experience of Mr. N. Upton resident at the present time in Columbus, Ohio.

Brother Upton was formerly a clergyman of the Methodist persuasion, and has been, since last January, a *healing medium*. His labors in this department have been highly successful, and I herein present some of the facts sufficiently interesting to be given to the public.

*His first operation was upon himself.* At a time when his physicians had given him over as beyond the reach of their usual remedies, he found himself operated upon by Spiritual influence—his hands directed with remedial efficacy to the seat of disease throughout his entire system, his lungs made to play vitally and freely, and directions relative to his diet, etc., written out through himself, in the manner usual with other mediums. He soon recovered full vigor, and since then has been assiduously engaged in aiding and healing others. He reports that in Columbus alone, out of some forty or fifty cases which came under his charge, all but one were cured. His success elsewhere has been correspondent. He narrates many pleasing illustrations of the curative power which is exercised through him; but as those cases, with which this article is more intimately connected, are those of persons with whom I enjoy a particular acquaintance, I proceed directly to them.

Brother Upton desired a specific communication from the Spirits of the "Beacon Light" Circle, of Winchester, New Hampshire. He accordingly visited that place, *en route* for the residence of a brother farther north, and the result of his interview with the medium and Spirits will be found in two messages given at the close of this article.\*

While in Winchester, Brother Upton was briskly engaged in searching out and helping the sick. I hear of several instances of relief besides those narrated below; the latter, however, being given in the language of the individuals who attest to the relief experienced by them, are more appropriately presented to the public, and will suffice as examples of his character and success as a healing medium.

MR. SILAS FRENCH, in a private letter to me, says:

"Brother Upton arrived the day after you left. He operated immediately upon me, telling me what my disease was without any previous examination or information."

WILLIAM HOWARD testifies:

WINCHESTER, N. H., Aug. 17, 1853.

DEAR BROTHER MANDELL:

I called upon Mr. N. Upton, the healing medium. He took my hand a few moments and equalized the electricity, as he called it. He then made manipulations over me, and found the seat of my difficulty in my side, without one word said on the subject; and that side, which had been lame for nineteen years, during which time I could not lay on it, and for eighteen months do any labor, is now entirely free from pain, and I can rest upon it as well as I ever could, and I feel as if I could go to work as well as I ever did. My eye, also, in rolling [Mr. Howard has one eye entirely blind, which has pained him almost constantly since he lost the sight of it by casualty] has not troubled me a particle since. My head is also relieved from the cataract.

Mrs. CAROLINE STARKEY, wife of Mr. Alvin Starkey, also states:

WINCHESTER, N. H., Aug. 17, 1853.

DEAR BROTHER MANDELL:

Mr. N. Upton called on me Saturday before last. I was confined to my bed as low as I was when you were here last. He took my hand, made manipulations over me, and found the seat of my disease without a word from me on the subject, neither feeling of my pulse, nor examining my tongue; nor did he make any inquiries as to my complaint, till I was greatly relieved. He operated three times—once on Saturday and twice on Sunday—and then he left for Richmond. I was so much better that on Monday night my husband went after him to Richmond, and, in the mean time, I got up alone and walked the house. I was confined to my bed thirteen weeks, and medicine did not effect a cure. I received strength immediately through him, and have been gaining rapidly ever since. I now feel well; and in one week from the time I was confined to my bed I rode out. In four days from the time I first saw him I went up and down stairs without help. I have now a good appetite; and I was so relieved, so happy, and so thankful, and it was all so sudden and unexpected, that tears ran down my cheeks for joy.

The above attestations—all from my familiar friends—were brought me direct from Winchester by Brother Upton, with whom I then formed my first personal acquaintance. I am exceedingly happy to impart my convictions in behalf of him as a fully reliable medium for healing purposes. In addition to all that is said above, I have ocular demonstration that he has a most ready capacity in finding the seat of disease or debility in persons with whom he is entirely unacquainted, and an equal capability in affording them relief. May the Lord provide for his angel ministrants many helpers as worthy within themselves and as perfect in their adaptations as he is.

The following are the communications alluded to above, received by Brother Upton at the "Beacon Light" Circle. They both relate to his mission. The first is from the Spirit of his first wife. The description given of her was correct.

## MESSAGE ONE.

"Holy, most holy, beloved, is the mission which ministering Spirits have given thee to do. Go thou with lofty purpose and relieve thy languishing brothers. Go thou, and heaven-guiding angels lovingly guarding thee, thou shalt feel our heavenly influence surrounding thee. Walk eagerly on Tread lightly through the path of earth-life. Thou shalt not feel as piercing thorns. Thou shalt be surrounded by the soothing halo of Spirit-influence. Thou shalt not need, for Heaven shall direct and reward thee. Onward! Whatsoever thy hands find to do, do thou with all Spirit's might, faltering not, but in the full faith of our ever-attending presence, knowing that thy labor is of Heaven; and from Heaven shall thou receive thy strength. Then come onward and upward through the beautiful path of Spiritual progression, relieving thy brothers of their burdens as you journey home, knowing that it is the brightest, purest, holiest offering that can bring to our Infinite Father. Blessed art thou; and, forever blessing journey thou on to meet the rapturous welcome of those who watch with angelic sweetness around your path on earth. Onward! Onward! Do thy duty faithfully—achieve thy calling here. Onward!"

The second "Beacon Light" message to Mr. Upton is from the Spirit of Silas French (senior), father-in-law of the medium:

## MESSAGE SECOND.

"Brother! Thrice brother! Thou art shaken from off thy soul by shackles which bound thee. Thou art free to walk the glittering road of Eternal Progression. The time is coming when we shall sweep the evil chain of corroding bigotry, and break every link of those fetters which so firmly bound us to man-made forms. With a rising brotherhood"

\* I will here remark, that Mr. Upton was highly favored in finding the "Beacon Light" medium sufficiently well for a sitting, as he has been quite feeble during the spring, and as her own health improved her husband secured, with the aid of a large family, has intervened essentially with the spiritual work of the Circle. The medium is still more or less unwell, and this, with the above statements, sufficiently account to my numerous correspondents for my non-attendance to your many requests, thus far.

† Mr. French, when in the body, was a member of the Methodist connection, and has been Brother Upton.



enlightened, aspiring humanity, we shall sound the glad tidings wide, that Heaven has borne the truth to earth; and shall thrill through every spirit of man the joyful news, that death is indeed swallowed up in victory—victory resounding through the highest arches of the Spirit-home—while Zion's white-winged Dove of Peace shall float securely above you, and, gently lowering her pinions, shall inclose you in her soft embrace, and all the wildest spirit to its rest of love."

I will simply add, that the name given to Brother Upton by his Spirit-guidances, as significant of his mission, is that of THE GOD SAMARITAN. D. J. MANDELL. ATHOL (DEPT), MASS., Aug. 19, 1853.

## THE WATERS DISTURBED.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Sept. 10, 1853.

FRIEND BRITTAN:

I was much surprised, on looking at the TELEGRAPH of this date, to see the statements there published from the pen of Dr. A. Underhill, under the caption of the "KIANTONE SPIRITUALIZED MAGNETIC WATERS." The article referred to is not only calculated to deceive in regard to the true Spiritual Magnetic Springs, but contains many errors too glaring to be suffered to pass unnoticed.

Dr. U. says:

"The Kiantone Spiritualized Magnetic Spring is about one and a half miles south of the village (Carew), and within twenty-five feet of the Pennsylvania line, and fifty of the Kiantone Creek. The water rises to the surface pure and clear, and runs off in a constant stream. About sixty rods up the Kiantone (in the State of Pennsylvania), on the opposite side of the stream, is the spring of the Chase and Brittingham, the same waters, only obtained by digging under Spirit direction."

Now that the waters are the same I pronounce to be wholly and unqualifiedly false, and will give the reasons for what may seem a strong assertion.

1. At the fountain head (Chase and Brittingham's Springs) there are two kinds of water, or two springs, one denominated *positive*, and the other *negative*; the positive water being hard, clear, and entirely free from sediment, and of a salish taste; the negative being soft, and containing much sediment, and a slight brackish or sulphurous taste. At the "Great Deer Lick," which is the natural outlet of these two, and other springs with which that region abounds, these waters are mixed, and of course their magnetic properties or forces are neutralized, and upon these magnetic qualities, in a great measure, depends their virtues for healing purposes.

2. In passing through the sixty rods of soil these waters pass under Kiantone Creek, where there is a constant stream of water flowing, and the former must be very much diluted before they arrive at the "Great Deer Lick."

Again, Dr. U. asserts, that "these waters have been carefully analyzed by Dr. Chilton, of New York, for Dr. Gray." Now, if Dr. U. wishes or intends the public to understand that Dr. C. has analyzed the waters of the "Great Deer Lick"—and it seems to be the evident meaning conveyed by his language—then that statement is untrue. The facts are, that the water analyzed by Dr. C. was the negative water from the springs of Chase and Brittingham, which is the only water yet discovered possessing the valuable medicinal and magnetic properties so highly recommended by Dr. Underhill. It was from this, the negative spring of Chase and Brittingham, that the powder, psychometed by Mrs. Mettler, was obtained, and I venture the assertion, that a powder that will produce the same or like results on clairvoyants, as those mentioned by Dr. U., can not be obtained either from the "Great Deer Lick" or any other muddy, filthy, pond-hole or medicinal spring now known. \* \* \* Again, Dr. U. asks, after recapitulating the chemical properties of the water and its peculiar adaptation to every portion of the human system, "With these facts before the mind, does any one wonder that enlightened Spirit-wisdom and philanthropy should point to these waters as a means of restoring health to the afflicted?" Certainly, if as he claims, that the waters of the "Great Deer Lick" are the same as those obtained by Mr. Brittingham after digging a pit twenty feet in diameter and over forty feet deep, and the expenditure of about five hundred dollars, be true, it would be very difficult, to say the least, to make me believe that there was any "ENLIGHTENED SPIRIT-WISDOM AND PHILANTHROPY" manifested by the Spirits who pointed out the location of the springs, and directed Messrs. C. and B. in all their operations to obtain the waters, when the "Great Deer Lick," land and all, could have been purchased for fifty dollars, or less.

But enough. The facts, as they appear to me, are, that there has been a determination on the part of certain Cleveland Spiritualists, from the first, to get into their hands the entire control of the GENUINE SPIRITUAL MAGNETIC SPRINGS, and failing to do so, being defeated by the direct interposition of the Spirit-bands who have directed Messrs. C. and B. in all their movements, they purchased the tract of land including the "Great Deer Lick." \* \* \* I will only add, that I have during the present season spent some five weeks at the true Magnetic Spiritual Springs, at the residence of Mr. John Chase, and from what I have seen, and from the testimony of the residents in the immediate vicinity of the springs (not Spiritualists), I am satisfied that the waters possess all the virtues ascribed to them for the healing of the sick, the lame, the halt, and the blind, and that they may be useful in a degree far surpassing the waters of any other medicinal spring known.

Fraternally thine, H. F. GARDNER, M.D.

\* See Dr. Gray's letter in the 1st number of the present volume of the TELEGRAPH.

## THE OPPOSITION TO SPIRITUALISM.

MR. S. B. BRITTAN:

DEAR SIR—A brief statement of the opposition to Spiritualism in this vicinity may interest some of the readers of the TELEGRAPH. About three years ago I so far overcame my prejudices against Spiritualism as to attempt an investigation. At length I became a thorough believer in the doctrine and principles of the Harmonical Philosophy, and was partially developed as a medium for Spiritual Manifestations.

The opposition has assumed various Protean shapes. The usual explanations of "humbly," "delusion," "electricity," and "evil Spirits" have been given, and in addition thereto, a system of low personal abuse has been resorted to by some of the opponents. A person who once was a judge, but who now has the misfortune of being blind, asserted that all Spiritualists were of a low and lecherous character; and he also spoke of your paper in terms that no gentleman would use.

Another phase of opposition has manifested itself. Anonymous notices have been written and posted up, containing the most low and false insinuations against Spiritualism, such as you would expect to hear only in the lowest run-shops in your city. The instigator of these libels, who is by many believed to be the person above referred to, did not dare to put a name to them, which is a just intimation that they were considered false. An article that appeared in the TELEGRAPH, containing the trial of Ira B. Eddy, is supposed to have given offense.

I now invite those who have abused me on account of my belief in Spiritualism, to a careful discussion of the subject.

Among the earliest communications that I received from the Spirits, was an intimation of the opposition I should receive, and kind encouragement was given. No opposition can shake my belief in the principles of the new philosophy. Its reformatory character commends it to all lovers of humanity and reform. To those who are seeking light on the subject of Spiritualism, I would recommend the perusal of the late work of Mr. Davis. It contains much valuable information. May success attend your efforts to improve humanity.

Yours, in the cause of truth, T. K. PECK. CANTERBURY, CONN., Aug. 27, 1853.

PERPETUAL THIRST.—Some years ago we gave a detailed account of the condition and appearance of a man who was then supposed to be the greatest drinker among men in America, if not on the globe. He is yet living in excellent health, at the age of 58 years, and still remains in a state of perpetual thirst. The individual alluded to is Mr. James Webb, of Fairhaven, Mass. Under every aspect in which the case may be examined, it is remarkable, and perhaps unparalleled in the annals of physiology. In early infancy, the quantity of water he consumed was so large as to astonish those who witnessed it. A development in size and weight of the body required a corresponding increase in the quantity of his aquatic potations. Under ordinary circumstances, three gallons of water is rather a short daily allowance for him, and it would be impossible, it seems, for him to live through a night with less than a pailful. With this amount of cold water daily poured into the stomach, Mr. Webb has been in good health and spirits. We leave the statement of these curious facts, unembarrassed by comment, and simply ask of learned editorial friends the probable cause of this unsatisfied thirst.—BOSTON MEDICAL AND SURGICAL JOURNAL.

## Original Communications.

## BEAUTY.

Being a dream of a certain Disquisitioner upon a quondam Monk of old, as to three points, viz: "What, and Where Beauty is, and whether Immortal?" BY SAMUEL LOCKWOOD.

EXORDIUM.

'Twas backward far up the deep stream of Time, In what men call the dim "Historic Past;" Within a cloister at the evening chime, When night had spread her sable curtains fast; Within there sat discussing themes sublime, A Novice and a Monk—one did appear, A tender youth, his friend an aged seer. They spoke of spirit, and her subtle bond, Or ligature with flesh—the Angel wand Dissolving life—the music of the spheres, Which hymn the universe through circling years' Perpetual course. Then Beauty they talked o'er; On which the seer discours'd such golden lore, The poet fain would hoard these gems of yore. The youth ecstatic heard—the azure-eyed Propounded questions, and the seer replied.

THESES I.

The Novice would know What Beauty is.

Then, tell me, What is Beauty;

Or is it but a name—

A figment, a mere phrensy—

A phantom breath of Fame?

The Monk returns an Answer to the Youth.

Then list, devout inquirer,

Beauty is a sprite,

That to each glad admirer

Yields intellectual light.

Yes, Beauty is a spirit

Ethereal and refined,

That doth her charms inherit

From the Eternal mind.

Beauty is the essence

Pervading Nature's whole—

The stirring, quick quintessence,

Which some have named "Her Soul."

She sways a subtle power

Ethereal as thought;

Glowing in the summer shower,

Or rose with fragrance fraught.

Yes, Beauty wields a power

Which many a fetter parts;

At eve in moon-lit bower,

How fair two loving hearts!

'Twas Nilus' proud queen's beauty

Charmed Antony the brave—

Forgot a Roman's duty,

The warrior bowed, a slave.

'Tis Beauty doth engender

Genius' fiery thought;

Doth prompt emotions tender,

In glowing language wrought.

She controls each passion,

And mystic mind brings forth,

And aids the artist fashion

Conception into birth.

She lights the spirit's fire

Electric—her control

Doth sway the phrensy'd lyre,

And swell the poet's soul.

She fires the diamond orbs

Of genius' cavern'd eyes,

Whose breast with ardor throbs

Of burning mysteries.

The perfect, full appearing

Of truth and moral good,

Which renders love endearing,

And virtue understood.

True votaries has she,

Who worship at her shrine,

Who swear her fealty—

For Beauty is divine.

An element of worship,

A devotion's gleam—

A ray of the shekinah

Of Hebrew Holohim.

The word exhorteth thee

When thou wouldst God address,

To worship in the Beauty

Of his own Holiness.

THESES II.

The Youth now demands the Whereabout of Beauty.

Then tell me where is Beauty,

And in what house she dwells—

Is 't in the ethereal sky,

Or deep in coral cells?

Or is her home the medium

Of these vast extremes,

The soothing of life's teodem

With ideal dreams!

The Recluse designates the Whereabout of Beauty.

Dost ask me where she dwells,

In earth or azure sky,

Or ocean's pearly cells?

Yea, through immensity!

A fairy home has she—

The sky with starry sheen,

The snow-foam dotted sea,

And flower-gemmed earth between.

She fills the blue expanse,

Those angel minarets,

Whence lurid lightnings glance,

And storm Orion sets.

Down in old Ocean's caves

Doth Beauty find a home,

Lull'd by his murrain waves,

And curdled with their foam.

She dwelleth upon earth,

Sits on the maiden's cheek,

And well regards the birth

Of sighs which love bespeak.

She hovers 'mong the flowers

Which blossom in the mind,

Like butterfly 'mid bowers,

Or the odor-laden wind.

The bud, the flower mature—

Doric or Tuscan dome—

What prompts emotion pure—

You'll find is Beauty's home.

THESES III.

The Novice inquires whether Beauty be Immortal.

Declare to me, oh, sage—

Is Beauty mortal found

But of a transient age,

Brief as a pleasant sound!

To this the Seer makes answer, introducing some incidental thoughts

Dost ask me where she was,

Or is, or if shall be?

If held by fragile laws,

Or as the ether free?

Before gray Time she was,

And when he's gone shall be—

She's part of nature's laws,

And like to nature, free.

For, lo! she is immortal

As the Angel with the palm,

The guardian of the portal

To the celestial realm.

She's seen in lightning shocks,

And like a spirit gleams

On adamant rocks,

In evanescent dreams.

She is a joy to all,

The boy, the babe, or seer;

A relic of the Fall—

An absolute idea.

She no subject knows

To flickering taste's caprice,

Of dark-hued Africa's laws,

Or intellectual Greece.

Of no composite kind,

Of no commingled race—

Yet occupant of mind,

Inhabitant of space.

A deep Aesthetic sense,

Known in the angelic sphere;

Nor bound by place or tense,

Now, then, here, everywhere.

Reflex of Cherubim

Before Jehovah's face;

Or, smile from Helohim

When sewing worlds in space.

Open creation's dawn,

She God's own model stood,

Who erst the resting morn,

His work pronounced "GOOD."

Not first, last, mediæval,

But ever in her kind—

A pure idea, coeval

With the eternal mind.

Then who will not love Beauty,

This faculty divine!

Oh, cherish it in duty,

Like gem from deepest mine.

'Twas thus the Monk's homily did end,

The Seer and Novice doff'd their simple dress

And laid them down; and many thoughts did blend

In sleep, of good, and truth, and loveliness,

And great a gen'rous amplitude of mind,

As well as love for Nature, God, and Humankind.

## FROM BEYOND THE VAIL.

Our circle of influence is like a band of harmonious chords, each full and complete in its order, and all vibrating to the touch of love. True harmony arises from different notes rightly blended: so all the varied organs of the mind and heart must be brought into action, that they all may be strengthened, and move on to the development and perfection of character. Whoso would be taught of Christ must with humility and self-sacrifice learn the requirements of his holy law to do them, whose first and greatest commandment is, "Love to God, and to thy fellow-man."

THE CIRCLE.

The following communication was the first I received through the circle, and through Mrs. L. (a medium) they (the Spirits) wished it published. I send it to you, having full faith that there is a good and sufficient reason for their request.

A. T. H.

Motion and action are the moving principles of much power on earth. As on earth, so in Spirit-climes, behold the onward progress of truth and love! Impelled by the irresistible impulse of Almighty Will, the archangel bends his ear to mortal man; the angel of promise comes bearing the olive branch of peace; and the Saviour draws nigh unto earth, that he may take away the burden of her woes. The great circle of love, revolving through the spheres, involves all in its revolutions. None are exempt from the call of duty. If angels and archangels acknowledge its presence and obligation, what is man, that the syren voice of pleasure should lead him from the right path, and that he should dare to question the omnipotence of that power which sways alike both great and small?

It is not the voice of the earnest inquirer after truth we would silence, but that childish, oftentimes impertinent, curiosity which greets the Spirit ear alike of friend and teacher, to impart a knowledge of things as trivial as itself. Think of the sublimity, the sacredness of this Spirit communion! You, are upon earth—we, in Spirit-land! You, enveloped with the fleeting shadows of time—we, admitted to the glories of eternity. You, just opening your mental eyes, yet seeing more than is revealed to angels (in your own imagination), discussing the themes of an eternal world, as though you were their authors, rather than humble recipients of God's bounty, afar from his throne by reason of your feebleness. Seek humbly the light that is falling in rays of purity upon the benighted footstool of his presence. Bow submissively to his appointments. Thy Heavenly Father is with thee, and will uphold the heart that acknowledges him in humility and prayer. Be like the faithful of old, who waited upon the Lord, leaning on the staff of his word. This staff is held by angelic power, planted firmly on the rock of ages. The winds and waves of prejudice and self-righteousness shall not move it, for the power of the Most High is its strength, and his almighty love shall warm it with joy and blessing everlastingly. Fear not, then, ye who are willing to fight under this banner of salvation. Its ample folds shall wave over you in peace, and the trumpet notes of its heralds proclaim the truth of God's word to a sinful world. Pride and power, error and superstition, shall flee before it, and the simple omnipotence of truth triumphantly reign. Praise the Lord, and render unto him the glory thereof.

ABBY T. HALL, Medium, Harmony Hall.

## PRAYER.

Spiritualists are often accused of not believing in prayer. It is true that we do not pray as the hypocrite does, to be seen of men. Prayer does not consist in saying over certain forms of words. It is the desire of the heart. All true desires are prayers to God. Like Paul, we believe in praying without ceasing—in having our minds in such a condition that all our thoughts will be prayers to God, and every act an act of worship. The prayers of all true Spiritualists are perpetual. Our works will always show to the world what our faith and prayers are. Our prayers do not affect God; the object of prayer is to elevate our own minds, and bring us to a condition to receive and enjoy the blessings of God that surround us. These blessings surround the sinner as well as the righteous, for God loves all his children. But the sinner is not in a condition to enjoy God's blessings. What he wants to bring him into this condition is true desires and true faith, producing good works. These will be the means of giving him happiness and heaven.

A. DUNNIE.

Bishop DOANE, having confessed the errors charged to his account, as getting and using money improperly, has been let off by the court of Bishops convened at Camden for his trial. The Bishop's confession is expressed with great apparent humility and sorrow, and he exonerates his presentors from having been actuated by personal or narrow motives.

POTTING YOUR FOOT INTO IT.—According to the Asiatic Researches, a very curious mode of trying the title to land is practiced at Hindostan. Two holes are dug in the disputed spot, in each of which the lawyers on either side put one of their legs, and remain there till one of them is tired, or complains of being stung by insects, in which case his client is defeated.

## SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1853.

## BUSINESS NOTICES.

AN EXPLANATION.—Our Patrons are respectfully informed that the subscription and mail books of the TELEGRAPH are left entirely to the care of our mailing clerk, and consequently the proprietors themselves do not know at what particular time the subscription of any one of their patrons may terminate. Moreover, the business of the office is so managed that when a subscription expires the name no longer appears before the person who writes the wrappers. The reader is requested to accept this as an explanation for any seeming abruptness which may characterize the discontinuance of the paper.

ADVERTISING.—The Publishers will insert a limited number of advertisements as circumstances will permit, always providing, the subject to which it is proposed to invite public attention is deemed compatible with the spirit and objects of the paper. All advertisements must be paid for in advance, at the rate of 124 cents per line, for the first insertion, and 8 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

ALL ORDERS FOR BOOKS AND PAPERS.—Except from those wholesale dealers with whom we have open accounts—should be accompanied with the cash. When books are to be sent by mail, the remittance should be sufficient to cover the postage, other wise the purchaser is required to pay double at the place of delivery.

## HOME AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

MARRIED.—On the morning of the 20th ult. we happened to be among the persons gathered at Trinity Church to witness the marriage of Mr. James W. McDonald, a sculptor, from St. Louis, and Miss Sarah Ada Westbrook, of New York. Rev. S. H. Weston officiated. Among the spectators we noticed C. D. Stuart, editor of the *Evening Mirror*; W. S. Courtney, Esq., and lady, from Pittsburg, Pa.; T. D. Jones, the sculptor, and several other artists and editors of this city. Mr. McDonald is an earnest and intelligent Spiritualist, and a man of genius. We trust that his matrimonial step will accelerate his progress toward the celestial harmonies.

NOBLE SENTIMENTS.—In a late address (theme, the Destiny of the Republic), on the occasion of laying the corner stone of Capital University, at Columbus, Ohio, William H. Seward said:

"The standard which the University shall establish must correspond to the principles of eternal truth and equal justice. The University must be conservative. It must hold fast every just principle of moral and political science that the experience of mankind has approved, but it must also be bold, remembering that in every human system there are always political superstitions upholding physical slavery in some of its modes, as there are always religious superstitions upholding intellectual slavery in some of its forms; that all these superstitions stand upon prescription, and that they can only be exploded where Opinion is left free and Reason is ever active and vigorous. But the University must nevertheless practice and teach moderation and charity even to error, remembering that involuntary error will necessarily be mingled also even with its own best instructions, that unbridled zeal overreaches and defeats itself, and that he who would conquer in moral discussion, like him who would prevail in athletic games, must be temperate in all things."

HON. MRS. NORTON, the well-known English authoress (and poetess), who was scandalized some twenty years ago by charges of infidelity with Lord Melbourne, preferred by her husband, and who refuted those charges and parted from her husband, has again been forced to appear in self-defense before the courts, her persecutor being the Hon. Mr. Norton! The old story of infidelity was revived (though not the matter at issue) and Mrs. N. nobly defended herself, first in court, and afterward in the columns of the *London Times*. The English public side entirely with her, and so will such of the American public as know the peculiarities of her case. Hon. Mr. Norton has proved himself a brute. There are a good many such, and these are generally the loudest-mouthed against Woman's Rights.

A PAPER by K. Jobert de Lamballe on the effects of electricity, employed to restore animation in cases where it had apparently ceased under the influence of chloroform, was read at the last sitting of the Academy of Sciences. M. Jobert, after administering chloroform to various animals and producing apparent death, used the galvanic pile, and operating by properly graduated shocks, succeeded in restoring animation. In some cases the time that elapsed before the desired effect could be produced was so great that little chance of success seemed to present itself, but by persevering, the result required was produced.

THE MAINE LAW IN ENGLAND.—The temperance men in England are about to petition their Parliament for a prohibitory liquor law. There are 2,527 licensed brewers in the British Islands, 88,400 persons licensed to sell spirits and wine, and 38,658 licensed to sell beer. In 1851 there were 31,000,000 gallons of spirits consumed in Great Britain in one year, with nearly 6,500,000 gallons of foreign wine. The whole amount thence accruing to the public revenue is over fifteen millions sterling.

THE ISSUE BETWEEN RUSSIA AND TURKEY now depends upon the action of Turkey. The Sultan insists upon some slight modifications of the basis of settlement proposed by Austria, accepted by Russia, and indorsed by the Turkish allies. It is doubtful if Russia will accede to the modifications.



## Interesting Misrellany.

### BRILLIANTS.

#### BLIND MARY.

There flows from her spirit such love and delight,  
That the face of Blind Mary is radiant with light—  
As the gleam from a homestead through darkness will show,  
Or the moon glimmer soft through the fast-falling snow.

Yet there's a keen sorrow comes o'er her at times,  
As an Indian might feel in our northern climes;  
For the mountains that tower, or the rivers that run—  
And she talks of the sunset, like parting of friends,  
And the twilight, as love, that not changes nor ends.

Ah! grieve not, sweet maiden, for star or for sun,  
For the mountains that tower, or the rivers that run—  
For beauty and grandeur and glory, and light,  
Are seen by the spirit and not by the sight.

In vain for the thoughtless are sunset and shade;  
In vain for the heartless flowers blossom and fade;  
While the darkness that seems your sweet being to bound,  
Is one of the guardians an Eden around!

THOMAS DAVIS.

#### DAYDREAM.

These fine descriptive stanzas were taken from one of the Magazines, a few months since.

Fling back the curtain gates! behold awaking  
Aurora beautiful from trance sleep,  
While with crystalline fingers she is shaking  
Morn from her dewy hair; the young hours keep  
Watch o'er her car, and round its pathway sweep  
Roses, far scattering onward as they flee  
Light-rays, flash'd forth like foam from the blue deep;  
Downward they wheel in dance and revelry,  
Waking on earth's gray hills the choirs of melody.

Her eyes are flashing glories! round her head  
Iris her diadems ethereal things;  
Her bow, o'er which the sun's rich rays are shed,  
Who with all radiant eyes the treasure brings  
For his immortal daughter; forth she springs—  
Her car is loosed, her banner is unfurled,  
Life wakes from death-like sleep, time plumes his wings,  
Night's shadows backward to their caves are hurled,  
Behold! great day is born, and walks along the world.

#### TO A CHILD.

Sweet spirit newly come from heaven  
With all the God upon thee still,  
Beams of no earthly light are given  
Thy heart even yet to bless and fill;  
Thy soul a sky where sun has set,  
Wears glory hovering round it yet,  
And childhood's rec grows sadly bright  
Ere life hath deepened into night.

WILLIAM ARCHER BAYTER.

#### THE VOICE OF GRIEF.

From their rose  
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,  
And, as it were one voice, an agony  
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills  
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,  
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

#### BIRDS.

Birds, the free tenants of earth, air, and ocean,  
Their forms all symmetry, their motions grace;  
In plumage delicate and beautiful,  
Thick without burden, close as fall's scales,  
Or loose as full-blown poppies on the gale;  
With wings that seem as they'd a soul within them,  
They bear their owners with such sweet enchantment.

J. MONTGOMERY.

#### BLUSHING.

The rose with faint and feeble streak,  
So slightly tinged the maiden's cheek,  
That you had said her hue was pale;  
But if she faced the summer gale,  
Or spoke, or sang, or quicker moved,  
Or heard the praise of those she loved,  
Or when of interest was express'd  
Aught that waked feeling in her breast,  
The mantling blood in ready play  
Rival'd the blush of rising day.

SCOTT.

#### HORRIBLE PHENOMENA.

It is not generally known, says the Charleston Courier, that in Barbadoes there is a mysterious vault, in which no one now dares to deposit the dead. It is in a churchyard near the sea-shore. In 1807, the first coffin that was deposited in it was that of a Mr. Goddard; in 1808, a Miss A. M. Chase was placed in it, and in 1812, Miss D. Chase. In the end of 1812, the vault was opened for the body of Hon. T. Chase; but the three first coffins were found in a confused state, having been apparently tossed from their places. Again was the vault opened to receive the body of an infant, and the four coffins, all of lead, and very heavy, were found much disturbed. In 1816, a Mr. Brewster's body was placed in the vault, and again great disorder was apparent among the coffins. In 1819, a Mr. Clark was placed in the vault, and, as before, the coffins were in confusion.

Each time that the vault was opened, the coffins were replaced in their proper situations—that is, three on the ground, side by side, and the others laid on them. The vault was then regularly closed; the door (a massive stone, which required six or seven men to move) was cemented by masons, and though the floor was of sand, there was no marks of footsteps or water. Again the vault was opened in 1819. Lord Combermere was then present, and the coffins were found thrown confusedly about the vault—some with the heads down, and others up. "What could have occasioned this phenomenon?" In no other vault in the island had this ever occurred. "Was it an earthquake that occasioned it, or the effects of an inundation in the vault?" These were the questions asked by a Barbadoes journal at the time; and no one could afford a solution.

The matter gradually died away, until the present year, when, on the 16th of Feb., the vault was again opened, and all the coffins were again thrown about as confusedly as before. A strict investigation took place, and no cause could be discovered. "Was it, after all, that the sudden bursting forth of noxious gas from one of the coffins could have produced this phenomena?" If so, it is against all former experience. The vault has been heretofore sealed again—when to be reopened we can not tell.

In England there was a parallel occurrence to this, some years ago, at Hanton, in Suffolk. It is stated that on opening a vault there, several leaden coffins, with wooden cases, which had been fixed on biers, were found displaced, to the great consternation of the villagers. The coffins were again placed as before, and the vault was properly closed, when again, another of the family dying, they were again found displaced; and two years after that, they were not only found all off their biers, but one coffin (so heavy as to require eight men to raise it), was found on the fourth step which led down to the vault; and it seemed perfectly certain that no human hand had done this.

A MEDICAL MONK.—A correspondent of the Savannah Georgian of the 2d inst., from the southern part of the State, says he has in his possession a very extraordinary mouse, recently caught by his overseer. In general appearance the little animal does not differ from others of its species; what is extraordinary is its musical gifts. "To hear the little creature warbling the exquisite notes of the canary bird, its imitation of the quail or partridge, the peculiar yelp of the wild turkey, with an occasional imitation of the mocking-bird," says our correspondent, "is truly wonderful. Its notes are very sweet, but not loud, though sufficiently so to be heard distinctly in any ordinary sized room."

The gentleman who writes the above facts is an extreme phlegm in Glynn County, and is said to be incapable of committing an imposition upon the public.

### EXQUISITE STORY BY LAMARTINE.

In the tribe of Negregh, there was a horse whose fame was spread far and near, and a Bedouin of another tribe, by name of Daber, desired extremely to possess it. Having offered in vain for it his camels and his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire. He resolved to stain his face with the juice of an herb, to clothe himself in rags, to tie his legs and neck together, so as to appear like a lame beggar. Thus equipped, he went to wait for Naber, the owner of the horse, who he knew was to pass that way. When he saw Naber approaching on his beautiful steed, he cried out in a weak voice, "I am a poor stranger; for three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food. I am dying; help me, and Heaven will reward you." The Bedouin kindly offered to take him upon his horse and carry him home; but the rogue replied, "I can not rise; I have no strength left." Naber, touched with pity, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and with great difficulty set the seeming beggar on its back. But no sooner did Daber feel himself in the saddle, than he set spurs to the horse, and galloped off, calling as he did so, "It is I, Daber. I have got the horse, and an off with it." Naber called after him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he turned, and halted at a short distance from Naber, who was armed with a spear. "You have taken my horse," said the latter. "Since Heaven has willed it, I wish you joy of it; but I conjure you never to tell anyone how you obtained it." "And why not?" said Daber. "Because," said the noble Arab, "another man might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would then be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity, for fear of being doped, as I have been." Struck with shame at these words, Daber was silent for a moment, then springing from the horse, returned it to its owner, embracing him. Naber made him accompany him to his tent, where they spent a few days together, and became fast friends for life.

### DARING FEAT.

A Paris correspondent of the New York Times gives the following account of the latest amusement devised for the wonder-loving Parisians: The feat of jumping from a balloon, the jumper sustained by an India-rubber rope, was duly performed on Thursday. It was the most stupendous exhibition of daring and address that the Parisians have yet witnessed. From one side of the car of the balloon hung the India-rubber cord, descending one hundred and fifty feet, and then returning and being fastened to the other side of the car. It thus formed a strong loop. The athlete was dressed as Mercury. His body, from the neck to the small of his back, was inclosed in a framework, which enabled him to endure the suspension without wrenching or dislocation. The rope passed through an eyelet in the middle of the back, placed so that he was held in perfect equilibrium. When the balloon had reached an altitude double that of the supposed elasticity of the cord, the voltigeur appeared on the edge of the car, looked over, shut his eyes, and dove into space.

The eyelet slipped along the rope, so that the first one hundred and fifty feet were a positive fall through the air, without any resistance or break. The rest of the way was an elongation of the rope. It stretched four times its length, making in all a descent of 600 feet, accomplished in a few seconds. After having attained its lowest point, the rope contracted once, perhaps 200 feet, and then descended again. There was no further rebound, and no oscillation; the voltigeur lay calmly cradled in mid-air, and probably spent the leisure he was now permitted to enjoy in recovering his breath and contemplating the prospect. The aeronaut above now commenced at the windlass, and gradually wound his dangling friend up again. In four minutes he climbed over the side of the car, having made the fastest time that any human being has ever achieved, except such as have been shot from cannon, as Baron Munchausen said he was.

### ANCIENT AMERICAN PYRAMID.

The California papers contain an account of the discovery of an old pyramid standing on the Colorado, in the midst of a sandy desert. A party of five persons were in search of a more feasible route to California across the desert, when an object struck their attention, which had so much the appearance of a work of art, that they determined upon visiting it. A walk of five miles through the sand brought them to the base of a colossal work, the fit monument of the surrounding scene of desolation. It was an unmistakable pyramid—somewhat in the Egyptian form, but more slender and pointed, and instead of being composed of successive steps, it evidently presented, when new, smooth surfaces from the base to the top.

It is, however, composed of layers or courses of stone from eighteen inches to three feet in thickness, and from five to eight feet in length. There are fifty-two of these layers above the present level of the sands, averaging two feet at least—thus making the height one hundred and four feet.

The top of the pyramid, which was level, is fifty feet square—but by some convulsion of nature has been displaced, and now lies upon one of the sides. This must have made the whole structure twenty feet higher. Such a convulsion is apparent from the decided and unnatural inclination of the vertical—being nearly ten degrees from a perpendicular line.

How much of the pyramid is buried beneath the sands it is impossible to say. For ages and ages they have been drifting against its base—as every part of the structure bears evidence of the remotest antiquity. The perpendicular joints between the blocks are worn away to the width of five or six inches by the storms and suns of centuries.

AN IMPORTANT FACT.—In a conversation with Captain Baxter, of the El Dorado, recently of the Cherokee, we learned an important fact, which may throw some light on the great mystery of the age—the yellow fever. Captain Baxter left here with the Cherokee on the 12th August last, when the epidemic was at its height, with one hundred and sixty-nine passengers, the majority of whom were unacquainted, and liable to the yellow fever. When the Cherokee emerged into the Gulf, the sea was rough, and the passengers suffered a great deal from sea-sickness. Every one of them was compelled to vomit, and the captain says he never had a more unanimously sick crew. Soon, however, it was all over, and health and hilarity reigned on board, when the yellow fever made its appearance among the crew, none of whom had suffered from sea-sickness. During the voyage there were ten of the crew down with the fever, and on the arrival of the Cherokee in New York, there being two still sick, they were ordered into the hospital, where one of them died; the other recovered. Not one of the passengers had the fever. They were all permitted to land in New York after eighteen hours, and the sick members of the crew were alone compelled to go into hospital detention. Here is an interesting fact for the doctors. A general vomiting saves over one hundred persons from a disease which attacks nine out of ten of the unvaccinated. Is not, too, the universality of the sickness, a fact of some significance, from which the physicians may extract some light on the subject of the character of this disease.—N. O. DELTA.

DISCOVERY OF A SKELETON IN WEST SPRINGFIELD.—A few days since, as some workmen were engaged in excavating for a basement story, about thirty rods south of the West Springfield Depot, on the high south bank of the Agawam river, they struck, at about two feet below the surface of the ground, the skeleton of a man of uncommon height. He was buried with his face toward the rising sun, with a gun, screw-driver, chisel, bullet-mold, a pair of shears, thimbles, several pipes filled with tobacco, and a string of wampum. The teeth of some large animal were found by his side. Mr. Clapp, owner of the house, has given away, for the gratification of the curious, the skull, and a part of the relics. The teeth were sound and fast in the jaws, and were all double. The bones were in a good state of preservation. The barrel of the gun was decomposed, but the thimbles for the ramrod were perfect, and contained some pieces of the ramrod that were sound. The gun-lock was much rusted, but held fast the flint. Whether the bones of the sleeper are those of the sachem of Warronoco, or of old Greylock, whose haunt and home was about Pochoasuck and Met-tinec, can not now be known, but, as he was buried precisely in the same way of the unconquerable "Black Hawk," it affords some proof that he was one of the chiefs of the aborigines who, as a race, have withered from the land—gone to the general-burial ground of their fathers.—SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN.

SINGULAR FATALITY.—On Saturday last, Dr. O'Donnell, a well-known physician of South Boston, died very suddenly at his residence at the corner of B and Fourth Streets. It is a singular fact that within the past four years, no less than three physicians have died in this same house, while a fourth was removed when in the last stages of disease. In every case, the deaths have been quite sudden.—BOSTON TRAVELER, September 12th.

A FEARFUL LUMP.—We have received a singular narration of a narrow escape of life at the Falls of Niagara. Mr. E. V. Wilson, of this city, the lightning-rod notoriety, went to the Falls with a party, and among the number was Mrs. N. L. Piper (of the firm of H. Piper and Brother). The lady at the time was laboring under a species of insanity. It was thought by her husband that traveling and change of air and scenery would do her good, but unfortunately such was not the case. Immediately upon her arrival, she was very desirous to see the Falls; and while standing on the Canada side, at about twenty feet from the falling sheet of water, she slipped her arm from Mr. Wilson and made a rush toward the precipice. He rushed after her, and just as she was going over, he caught hold of her dress, and by it held her dangling in the air. The dress gave way, and she fell upon a ledge of rock, at a distance of twenty feet. As she thus lay, Wilson, our narrative says, "with great presence of mind, looked for a soft place," and discovering that a quantity of loose earth was lying on the rocks, he immediately jumped down on it. He was just in time to save her going over the main precipice. By the aid of a pair of long lines belonging to a team close by, they were both drawn up together. Both suffered from some contusions, but neither was seriously hurt. These circumstances took place on Thursday last.—TORONTO COLONIST.

ANCIENT CANNON.—We have had the pleasure of seeing a very antique piece of ordnance, brought by Gov. Seymour from Mexico. It was found in the Castle at the city of Mexico, where about twenty pieces of the same character had been deposited. When the munitions of the Castle were re-delivered to the Mexicans, a present was made to Col. Seymour of this curious piece. It is not more than eighteen inches in length, while the diameter of the interior of the muzzle or bore is as much as five inches. It is made of welded iron, with several strong iron bands encircling it, some of which pass through the small irregular-shaped piece of wood, in which the cannon is imbedded, and are riveted with screws firmly on the under side. No recoil could detach the piece from the block of wood to which it is attached. This block is of old oak, very strong, and quite discolored by age. We doubt whether Mexico contains a species of oak of similar fiber and strength. The piece was undoubtedly used on board small vessels and on the benches of boats, to throw bits of iron and stones at an enemy.

The Mexicans have no tradition respecting the origin of the piece. They have been in the Castle beyond any record. Antiquarians conjecture that they might have been cannon employed by Cortes on board his ships, and used on the causeways in his attack on Mexico. They are, unquestionably, of great antiquity.—HARTFORD COURANT.

CLERICAL WIT.—A clerical gentleman of Hartford who once attended the House of Representatives to read prayers, being politely requested to remain seated near the speaker during the debate, he found himself the spectator of an UNMARKING process, so alien to his own vocation, and so characteristic of the Legislature of Connecticut, that the result was the following IMPROMPTU, ADDRESS BY A PRIEST TO THE LEGISLATURE OF CONNECTICUT.

"For cutting all connections famed,  
Conscience is fairly named;  
I twain cannot in one, but you  
Cut those whom I cannot in two,  
Each legislator seems to say,  
What you Connect I cut away."

TRIADS.—Three things to love—courage, gentleness, affectionateness.  
Three things to admire—intellectual power, dignity, gracefulness.  
Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance, ingratitude.  
Three things to reverence—religion, justice, self-denial.  
Three things to delight in—beauty, frankness, freedom.  
Three things to wish for—health, friends, a cheerful spirit.  
Three things to pray for—faith, peace, purity of heart.  
Three things to like—cordiality, good humor, mirthfulness.  
Three things to suspect—flattery, puritanism, sudden affection.  
Three things to avoid—illness, loquacity, flippant jesting.  
Three things to cultivate—good books, good friends, good humor.  
Three things to contend for—honor, country, friends.  
Three things to govern—temper, impulse, the tongue.

BEAUTIFUL LITTLE ALLEGORY.—A humming-bird met a butterfly, and being pleased with the beauty of its person and the glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship.

"I can not think of it," was the reply, "as you once spurned me, and called me a drawing dolt."  
"Impossible!" exclaimed the humming-bird. "I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you."  
"Perhaps you do now," said the other, "but when you insulted me, I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a piece of advice: never insult the humble, as they may some day become your superiors."

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WITH AN APPENDIX,

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LATE UNITED STATES SENATOR, AND GOVERNOR OF WISCONSIN.

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